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We are conducting that store, and we want our share of these customers. If you're looking for good materials and making, fashionable cut and correct details, you'll come to us.

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New and Elegant,

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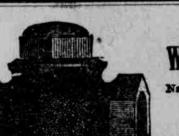
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EASTER NOVELTIES

CAPES, SUITS, MILLINER

If you want an Easter Bonnet, Hat or anything in Millinery, and fail to see our stock of these goods, you do yourself an injustice. Our Hats and Bonnets are not to be duplicated.

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All the new Easter effects can be seen at our store, and if the verdict of the people can be taken for anything, our prices charm more than anything else.

VISIT US THIS WEEK.

BOYD & JONES

THE NEW CLOAK HOUSE.

89 EAST WASHINGTON.

A DAKOTA WOLF HUNT. An Annual Round-Up and Shooting or Devil's Lake.

In winter, when Devil's lake is frozen over as smooth as a barn floor and the ice is from one to five feet thick, the wolves make their headquarters on Rock island. They gather there by hundreds, and every night the chorus of their short, sharp yelps sound weirdly over the frozen lake. The excitement attending the Dakota wolf hunt is probably not appealed by any sport known. is probably not equaled by any sport known to the nimrod, since the game is large, wary, swift of movement and full of tricks. There is an element of danger in it, too There is an element of danger in it, too, for when the wolves are cornered they will fight with the desperation of mad dogs. It now and then happens that a wolf hunter comes off the field with his clothes badly torn and his flesh lacerated by the claws or teeth of an infuriated animal, but there has never been a fatality resulting from the sport. The hunting party get together at a given point on the shore of the lake about noon and they come from all quarters. It is not an unusual thing to see one hundred and fifty men engaged in a wol hunt. Each man carries a rifle and a coupl of revolvers. Some are on foot and some on horseback. The horses ridden are usual

ly the little, wiry Indian poney or mustang that can run all night and all day and not When the party is ready to march it starts out across the ice in the direction of the island. The horsemen are stationed around the island as near to each tloned around the island as near to each other as it is possible to place them and complete the cordon. The men on footform in the shape of the letter U across the island. Some of them carry horns, others tin pans, and when everything is ready the men move in the direction of the bowlder heaps blowing the horns, pounding the tin pans and yelling like fiends. The racket rouses the wolves lying among the rocks and they dash from cover. Some of the animals are in burrows. These are smoked out, and it is but a very short time before there is plenty of game running helter skelter, looking for new cover. At the northwest extremity of the island is a clear spot, and it is the aim of the hunters to get the wolves into this space, where they may completely surround them. The men gradually advance up the island, drumming, howling and firing off their guns, and the bewildered wolves flee before them until they are driven beyond the rocks.

rocks.

It is not until the animals are surrounded at the upper end of the island that the real fun begins. They dash here and there to find an opening through which it is possible to escape. They are rendered frantic by the continued blare of horns and the horrible yelling, and in their excitement snap and snarl at each other like a lot of surly curs. Occasionally a hunter takes a shot at one and brings him down, and in this way the ranks of the beasts are thinned out until from a possible thirty or forty but seven or eight remain. These are preserved for the horsemen on the ice, who are generally or eight remain. These are preserved for the horsemen on the ice, who are generally the best marksmen in the party. The frightened beasts are given an opportunity to escape. The circle is broken with the opening so calculated that the wolves will flee to the ice. They immediately dash through, and the horsemen remain inactive until they have passed beyond their circle; then they give chase. The wolf, with his sharp claws, is a swift runner, even on smooth ice, and when the ice is covered with a slight coating of snow he is capable of making wonderfully quick time, but, as fast as he is, the little mustangs are able to keep close to his heels in a straightaway, race, but the wolf has the advantage of being able to make quick turns, and that is what he does.

Every wolf hunter mounted on a horse is proud of his marksmanship, and it is the aim of each to shoot an animal in the head, which, from horseback, is no easy matter. To shoot one through the body, these men claim, requires no skill, and it so often happens that several hours are consumed in the wild chase of the wolves before the remnant of the pack is destroyed, and it is not infrequently the case that one man succeeds in killing the greater number. When the last wolf escapes or has been killed the party returns to the town with their trophies and the affair winds up with a banquet and ball, which is looked upon as the event of the season. The man who has proven himself the most expert marksman is designated as the leader of the hunting party for the next season. the horsemen on the ice, who are genera

UNIVERSITY

FACTS ABOUT A CURIOUS FEATURE OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

Two Kinds of Contests, Those Which Are the Result of Insult and Those Which Occur by Appointment.

Berlin Correspondence Philadelphia Tele-graph.

One of the most curious manifestations in German student life is the duel. This is carried on by the same class of men who have been already spoken of as studying so little and drinking so much beer; that is, for the most part by the members of the secret societies. There are certain obligations as to personal behavior resting upon all the students who are not "wild men." Antiquated customs exist in regard to the salute of an acquaintance, the method of conduct at a drinking festival and in the great field of university social relations in general. These written and unwritten rules must be carefully observed or the penalty is a challenge, which custom requires that the student shall accept.

The student duel, however, is not always the outgrowth of an insult or a supposed insult. There is another form which is, perhaps, the more usual and which leads to a greater number of encounters. This is the "pro patria" duel, which is a contest between different clubs at regular intervals, and it is carried on merely for the pleasurable excitement which those who participate and those who look on draw from it. The combatants are usually chosen by a will other than their own. Though there are sometimes volunteers, the president, as a rule, selects some member of his club who shall on a certain day meet a member of another club similarly chosen by its president. Con-tests arranged in this way are very numerous. It is desired that each club shall provide a man at least once a week, and, as there are at the large universities quite a large number of fighting societies, the combat wages very frequently. It is this tyrannous, obligatory feature of the duel which makes it such a persistent evil in German university

It may neither be pleasant nor neces-sary to give a description of one of these encounters. The task has been done before, and it only remains to cite a few facts in regard to an institution which it is a little marvelous the Germans do not find some method to abolish. Th fought in various ways, with various weapons and according to different rules There are duels with sabres and with rapiers, with sharp swords and with dull sonal choice or rests perhaps upon a local tradition. The weapon used generally goes by the name of schlaeger, and there are again different classes. such as the korbschlaeger, or the basket-hilted rapier, and the glockenschlaeger, a heavy weapon made of hard bell metal. The latter is an arm which has been in favor in late years at Leipsic and

The duelist must be specially dressed for the combat in a suit called the paukwichs, which consists of heavy bandaging for the neck and arms, a thick piece of upholstery, somewhat like a mattress which is suspended over the breast, and glass goggles to protect the eyes. There are sometimes covers for the ears also. The point of attack is thus the head and student duel. It is thus that part of the body which nearly all other people aim the most carefully to guard from injury which it is the particular desire to mutilate and scar.

It is to be noted also that the rules are such as to protect the rest of the body. The "strike" must be made in only a certain way, and each combatant has a second, also armed with a sword, who must ward off foul blows. It is further a curious feature that a single wound does not suffice to settle the diffi-Both combatants are often injured, and it is not unusual for each to receive several wounds. The contest only ends, indeed, by the exhaustion of one or the other party or at the expiration of the time limit.

LAWS AGAINST THE DUEL. It would seem, if the proper desire were manifested, that the duel could be enough on the subject. Paragraph 201 of

the penal code of the German empire says: "The challenge to duel with deadly arms and the acceptance of such a prisonment of six months." It has been said by jurists, however, that because the combatants are bandaged and because of the rule relating to the "strike" the student duel cannot be considered as a duel with "deadly arms." This is a peculiar method of legal interpretation from which there is some dissent It is true that the "mensur" does rather rarely lead to fatal results, though the cases are not at all unknown. wounds are at times of a kind which occasion abscess or blood poisoning, and almost any university can in the course of a few years produce a considerable number of disasters. There are also local and state laws on the subject, and it has been a matter for legal dispute also which should have jurisdiction, the empire or the state. There is in any case sufficient written law to effect conviction and punishment.

The authorities can scarcely plead tha they are unaware of the dueling practice. The police are not actually informed of the time or locality of the fights, but they can hardly fail to know of both these facts. In the large cities there is more effort at concealment, and the recognizable, but at the village universities there can surely be no ignorance concerning it. A point is selected, as a rule, outside of the town, but there is surely some one with jurisdiction in the country also. The sword carriers, the participants and spectators are visible to all men as they go to their fighting resort, which is usually a small hall in connection with a tavern in regular use for this purpose. At any rate those who have taken part could be pursued. They are to be met, with their faces bandaged, on the streets, in the university hallways and in the lecture rooms. It would be droll were they to plead that they had been injured in any other manner. It is a matter of great pride, and the men exhibit their scars with much satisfaction. Those whose scalps are dotted with cuts usually keep their hair trimmed very short, so that they may secure credit for all the marks of their valor and chivalry.

WHY THE EVIL CONTINUES. It must be concluded that there is no very conscientious desire to stop the duel among those who have the authority to do so. There is no reason to think that there is any decrease in the amount of fighting as the years go on. It was said by a professor at Berlin a few years ago that only one-twentieth of the German students engaged in the duel. This is surely too modest an estimate. It seems to have been made without due account being taken of the law and medical schools, where the sons of the wealthy and aristocratic are, who are such zealous patrons of this form of amusement. There are, likewise, many

more encounters at the little towns than at the cities. Bonn and Heidelberg are noted as dueling places.

It is a subject which is spoken of too lightly by the professors and by all in authority. At nearly all universities there is a fighting master officially named in the catalogue of university courses. The professors speak of it with levity, and it is, to a certain degree, recognized as an evil which does exist recognized as an evil which does exist and, therefore, must continue to exist. It is doubtful if it is indeed always looked upon even as an evil. It has been spoken of by certain professors as a means of strengthening the nerves and as a method by which discipline can be enforced. It is argued that because each man feels a responsibility for his own actions in the fact that by indiscretion

it would lead to challenge there are fewer of those discourtesies and out-

bursts which are so notable among the

students of other countries.

There are also many duelists in the

fficial ranks of the army and in high places in the public service, which are also circumstances tending to prevent a rigid enforcement of the law. The mem-bers of the Hohenzollern family belong to a fighting corps at Bonn, the Hasso-Borussia, and the nobility is well represented in a number of different societies. A fighting hall was publicly dedicated at the University of Freiberg a year ago by the Crown Prince of Baden. Bismarck and his son, Count William, as is known, were zealous duelists in their student days. There are no theologians and few professors who have been fighters, and those who participate do not, as a rule, ever attain any great mental renown. Bismarck's reputation can surely not be described as intellectual, though his greatness rests on a trait of mind such as few men have, perhaps, ever possessed, and his experience as a fighter at Gottingen may have had something to do in cultivating the cool manner with which he could sit a saddle in the midst of a great military crisis, and the unflinching method which he always had of treating with those who were not his friends. The duel surely rests on a mistaken moral feeling in Germany, which is to be noted among different classes of the population, and

A LIFE-SAVING HORSE.

He Once Hauled a Truck, but Now Produces Anti-Toxin.

New York Mail and Express. There was a horse once that thought it would be much nicer to be driven up Fifth avenue attached to a runabout with dark body and crimson wheels than to be wearily dragging a truck about the rough pavement. He thought it would be nice to be a high stepper, well groomed and well cared for, and take a spin once or twice a day through the park. He envied those other wealthy horses and looked up to them from his little workaday world and became a pessimist. This horse is unhappy no longer. He This horse is unhappy no longer looks down upon the prancing, high hoof-throwing animals in the park, and has the proud consciousness that he is not like other norses. He is a life saver. He is "Anti toxin Bill No. 7." He has furnished more toxin Bill No. 7." He has furnished more serum than any two other horses in the world, and saved the lives of any quantity of poor children suffering from diphtheria. "Bill," or "Mr. Billie," as some of the stable attendants at the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons, No. 154 West Fifty-seventh street, call him, is a perfect mine of anti-toxin, and since he was discovered in November has furnished fifteen quarts of the serum.

of the serum.

"Mr. Billie" received a reporter very affably last evening. He is a very undemonstrative horse, and under his wool blanket looks like any other gray horse of the heavy Western variety. He stands sixteen hands in height and weighs a great many more pounds than he did before he became this wonderful producer of antitoxin. He was nicked up at a horse sale became this wonderful producer of antitoxin. He was picked up at a horse sale
by the buyer for the establishment, and
because he had something the matter with
one of his hind legs he was easily bid in
for \$7. This was the best \$7 the college
ever spent. "Mr. Billie" was taken to the
college, and after a few days of rest was
given the usual dose of toxine, which is
the poisonous substance formed by the
diphtheria bacilli.

"Mr. Billie" did not like it at first. He
had been examined by the usual tests to

had been examined by the usual tests to see if he had glanders of any other horsey diseases, had been pronounced sound, with the exception of the game foot and the general debility caused by a little too much truck work. When they injected the two cubic centimeters of toxine under his skin near the shoulder, by means of the special hypodermic syringe, "Mr. Billie" looked around in surprise and mildly protested. It made his temperature go up and made him feverish, and he did not care for that. Then in a few days he became normal again, and the dose was repeated. The horse began to thrive and grow fat, and now has taken two hundred centimeters without so

ich as winking This continued for three months, and the ex-truck horse seemed to like the life. It s much pleasanter to have plenty to eat and nothing to do, with an hour of exercise night and morning, than to be whipped, and beaten and hitched to a truck. Then the physicians took his temperature and looked very wise, and one day they made an incision in "Mr. Billie's" neck and inserted a glass tube and got out a lot of blood. They took one quart the first time, and tested it by separating the serum, and were sur-prised at finding it twice as strong as any taken from the other forty horses in the two stables where the work goes on. About seven quarts of blood were taken out, and the horse was given another dosing. Another horse who has produced a large quantity of serum is named Bobby. He is a roan, standing about 15.3, a good stepper, and is often driven to a runabout for exercise. He has a fashionably banged tail, and is as good a horse as any one would wish to a runabout for exercise.

wish to own.

The operation of procuring the serum, which has just been described, is a very simple one, and mercily consists in filling the animal's system very full of the toxine poison. Some of the horses cannot stand it. Out of the forty horses who have been operated upon, eight have died. These were horses, some of them, who were too old to properly take the treatment. All the horses at the two stables are now young borses six or seven years of age, as it wish to own. horses at the two stables are now young horses, six or seven years of age, as it has been found they are more adapted to the process, and give the best results. Sometimes the serum is of a clear, yellowish color and sometimes it is redder. The color varies, and the reason for this is not known. The anti-toxin is sterilized and out to the small bottles. The Roard ind put up into small bottles. The Board Health uses a great deal of the anti-College of Veterinary Surgeons. There is a laboratory on the second floor of the building where the whole work of prepara-

building where the whole work of preparation is done.

Since the latter part of October, when the horses were gathered together and the manufacture of anti-toxin was begun, under direction of Dr. William H. Park and a corps of assistants, much success has been attained in producing this cure for diphtheria, which has always been so dreaded, but which can be warded by securing the services of such devoted horses as Bobby and "Mr. Billie."

A Soldier's Kisses. Washington Post.

Washington Post.

When the armies of Buell and Bragg were racing in the fall of '62 in Kentucky on parallel roads Hardee's corps was in front, going through Bardstown. The streets were packed with Southern sympathizers, who poured out of the houses with good things to cat and drink and pressed them upon the men as they stood in ranks. All the young ladies of an institute were drawn up on a pavement looking on. Hardee, who was a great admirer of the sex and was as gallant in the salon as in the saddle, halted the column, got down off his horse, requested one of the staff to hold the reins a minute, and, going over to a string of pretty girls, began at one end of the line and kissed every one of them, while the young fellows on his staff had the melancholy pleasure of looking on. After the exercises were over he mounted his horse, gave the signal for the troops to move, and the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

How to Make Kumyss. New York Evening Post.

Reads Like a Fairy Tale-Mine Worked by Some Forgotten Race.

A story comes in from the desert, out Indio way, of a gold find which, if true, is one of the richest ever discovered in California; if not true, it demonstrates that on provocation this country can produce a crop of Hars that can hold over anything in Coolgardie, Australia. The story in regard to the discovery of the mines, admitted as true by the recent locaters and others who know the circumstances, reads like a fairy tale.

This is the story: About three months ago an old prospector, with four burros carrying his outfit, came plodding into Indio. He walked into Tingman's grocery store, the only one in the place, and said: "What'll you give me for that 'ere outfit?" Over his shoulders and under his arms he carried two army haversacks, which seemed heavy enough to weigh him down, and his pockets bulged with rocks or something else. Tingman outfits prospectors, but his corral was full of burros and his store room with kits that only needed grub to make them complete, so he was shy about making the old man an offer.

'What do you want to sell for?" he asked. "Going to quit prospecting?" "Yep," answered the old man. done prospectin' now 'ur hereafter. Want to buy that outfit? I'll sell the whole business for \$20." It was easily worth which people of other nations are not pleased to see. It is an evil which should \$100 cash, and Tingman told him so, adsurely be treated with summarily and without the slightest tinge of comprovising him to go further and see what he could do, but the old fellow was persistent, and finally the trade was made. Then the old man ordered something to eat, the best in the store. Now, as I happened, at that time the only prepared edibles on hand were cove oysters, canned corn beef and soda crackers. 'Well," he said, "give me plenty of them; a man that's be'n a livin' on whang leather and alkali water fer the last six months ain't likely to be pertick'ler."

While he was eating Tingman engaged him in conversation with a view to finding out what had disgusted him with prospecting. Finally, just before the train, bound for Arizona, arrived the old

minin', an' I have. I'll show you why, an' then I'll tell you about it." Then the old fellow dumped on Tingman's counter from each of his haversacks wenty bars of pure gold, evidently, rom their shape and appearance, mined and amalgamated many, many years ago. They were worth probably \$1,000 a bar, and Tingman's eyes fairly bulged out of his head as he looked at them. They were marked with strange hieroglyphics evidently indicating their fineness and weight, but Tingman, who is a Spanish scholar and talks most of the dialects of the southern California Indians, could make nothing of them.

THE DISCOVERY. "I got these bars," said the old pros;

pector, "less than sixty miles from where we stand, in a canyon where there is ledges of millions of dollars' worth of gold, millions of dollars' worth, I tell you, an' it's a stickin' up out of the ground. My burros found it. You see, I was headin' this way from a trip over to Ol' Woman's mountain an' the Palin range. I was out of water an' pushed on a day an' night, hopin' to strike water at Granite Tanks, but, God A'mighty, when I got there they was as dry as a bone, an' I couldn't strike even moist sand by diggin'. I tell you, it looked mighty scaly for the old man. I knowed me an' the burros 'ud' never hev the strength to go on to Cottonwood Springs an' knowed we wouldn't live ter git half way back ter where we last got water. Mind you, I hadn't had any water fer over twenty-four hours, an' you know what that means on the desert, an' the burros hadn't had any fer two days an' nights, so you see it was a gittin' scaly. Well, sir, me an' the burros held a council o' war, as they say. It was a new part of the country to me, an' I didn't know which way ter turn fer water after findin' none in the tanks. I set down on a rock an' tried ter think what I'd better do, an' the burros come up clost to me, an' I saw by their big bloodshot eyes that they wasn't good fer more than eight or ten hours longer without water, if they was that. They looked at me so pitiful, an' begin moanin' in that turrible half human way they hav' that I just couldn't stand it. I got up an' sez to 'em. 'Well, boys, we won't a-settin' here; we'll keep a-tryin', an' I waved my arms an' yelled at 'em, lettin' 'em hav' the choice of ways, fer I still had sense enough to know that that was the only thing to do. Well sir, they kept in the lead, an' it seemed to me that they didn't do nothin' but jest wander around from one little dry canyon to another, an' up an' down over ridges. Finally I thought that 'ud never do; that mebbe they had gone locoed fer water, an' was about ter head 'em in though God A'mighty knows I never expected to reach it, when all t'wonst it struck me that they was a gittin' along mighty easy fer sich rough an' broken country, an' I got to lookin' at the ground mighty close, an', dern me, if we wasn't a-slippin' along over a old trail. 'Twas mighty faint, but 'twas a trail, sure enough, an' I could tell the way it wound around that 'twas a old Injun trail, but hadn't b'en traveled fer ages, I reckon. I 'lowed right away that it led to water, but whar? I watched the burros mighty close, fer I knowed they'd make signs as soon as they sensed water, an', sure enough, 'twasn't more than half an hour 'fore that old bell burro there throwed his head up an' his ears for a. an' stepped along right peart. Then I knowed they was water ahead. Well, sir, they took me up an' down two or three more hogbacks, still a-stickin' to the trail, an' they led me 'way down into a shut-in canyon, an' there, at the bottom, was a great big spring, right in the rocks, of the best kind of water. Well, sir, I hugged them burros an' fairly cried, an' they acted like they appreciated it. We laid around the spring an' drunk a little at a time until we got enough; then I grubbed, made camp, an then started out to see where we was

As I said, it is a shut-in canyon, an' I reckon that I am the first white man that has set foot in the place for years-God knows how many. I've found out since that Indians are afraid of the place and won't go near in the daytime, and at night you can't get 'em in gun-shot of the shadders of the hills around it. Well, I went up the old trail from the spring, and after I had gone about a half a mile or mebbe less the trail petered out. Down nigh the spring I had noticed several trails leading of had noticed several trails leading off from the main one and towards the side hill through the bresh. I went back ter the spring and took the main one of them branch trails. It led up the side hill to the mouth of a tunnel or cave hid by bresh. I stopped a minit 'fore goin' in, for, while I 'low I ain't very skittish, yit there seemed ter be sumthin' kinder pushin' me back. I glimpsed along the side of the hill and seed about a half a dozen more holes right of a